

#763

Conf Pam #763

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JULY 31
1861

SONG.



MARYLAND IN FETTERS!

How beautiful in tears !

Dear noble State ;
Encumbered round with cares,
Thy grief, how great.

The spoiler's foot upon thee,
His ruthless hand is on thee,
With manacles he's bound thee,
Hard is thy fate !

Mother of wretchedness

I feel for thee !

Bow'd down in deep distress,

I kneel to thee !

I see thy wretched woes,
Thy agonizing throes,
And sympathize with those
Who'd set thee free !

Thy tears are those of blood,

Sweet mother dear !

An accumulated flood

Of wrongs severe !

Thy honor's trampled under,
Thy peace is rent asunder,
God of the rattling thunder,
Oh ! lend an ear.

Break ! break ! the traitor's chain,

Oh ! God of heaven ;

And from our down trod land

Let them be driven !

Let Lincoln know his place,
Let black men know their face,
And from our injured race
All wrongs be riven !

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MARYLAND IN LETTERS!

How beautiful in form!
 How noble mind;
 Encouraged round with arms
 Thy great bow is on
 The cooler - that your flag
 His wisdom found in our
 With wisdom - in a former time
 I feel in the time!

Minister of our nation
 I feel for you!
 How'd down in high heaven
 I feel to you!
 I feel to you, my friend
 The noblest of men
 And a nation's wisdom
 Would be your friend!

The tears are shown of blood
 The noblest of men
 And a nation's wisdom
 Would be your friend!
 The noblest of men
 And a nation's wisdom
 Would be your friend!

How I feel for you!
 How I feel for you!
 How I feel for you!
 How I feel for you!

Hollinger Corp.
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